

## WILLIAM M. STEWART

Incidents in the Life of the "Old Santa Claus" of the Senate.

Deeds of Bravery While the Radical Silverite Was Seeking Precious Metals in Nevada Years Ago.

WHY HE WASN'T CHALLENGED

His Partner's Escape from Death at the Hand of a Desperado.

Once Saved by the Senator and Again by His Own Extraordinary Courage in a Moment of Great Peril.

Staff Correspondence of the Journal.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—William Morris Stewart, of Nevada, who has spoken longer and more frequently than any other man in the Senate during the controversy over the silver repeal bill, sat in the Senate restaurant yesterday, after the delivery of another one of his bitter denunciations of President Cleveland's anti-silver policy, and as he stroked his long snow-white beard and partook of a light lunch he talked in a husky voice of some of his early mining experience and the dangers to which he had been subjected. He has led a checkered life. Senator Stewart, who is familiarly referred to around the capitol as "Old Santa Claus," was started on his reminiscences by an observation upon the part of his Populist confederate, Senator Allen, of Nebraska, about the physical hardships which a few of the silver Senators had been subjected to during the siege of almost three months upon the silver bill.

"Oh, this is nothing more than the hardships I have been bearing nearly all of my life, which has now run over sixty-four years," said the venerable-looking Nevada Senator, as he straightened his six-foot three figure of immense proportions and brushed his great snow-white beard thoughtfully at his feet he stroked his flowing whiskers with both hands. Finally he said:

"You would hardly remind a man of hardship or danger," observed Senator Allen.

There was a pause for some seconds, during which Senator Stewart turned his large, ruddy face toward the floor, and while his great steel-blue eyes peered thoughtfully at his feet he stroked his flowing whiskers with both hands. Finally he said:

"Well, I remember a period in the mining camps of California and Nevada which covered a number of years when I really didn't expect to live the day out each morning. I went to my work, with a pick in one hand and a revolver in the other. I recall an experience I had in Nevada when it was the proper thing to challenge a man to fight a duel if the least offense was offered—and it was very easy in those days to offend a man. Men were high strung; every one had his nerves upon the highest tension by the excitement incident to great metal finds, all kinds of depressions by white men and Indians, and a general epoch of conflict. I think I was the best pistol shot in all that country during those days. I was a powerful-built and vigorous young man. My eyes were quick and my nerves steady. Why, I used to sometimes shoot birds on the wing with a pistol. I took a very active part in politics, and, having a little more money than some of the men, and being inclined to spend it freely at times, I invited all of the jealousy incident to a mixed mining community. Frequently I momentarily expected some one to shoot me down, without announcement, or challenge me to fight a duel.

A CHALLENGER "BLUFFED."

"I remember the first time I had a direct intimation that I was to be challenged. A man came to my office and asked me what I would do if I were challenged to fight a duel. I had not beforehand made up my mind what course to pursue, but the presence of danger made me quick witted.

"I would kill the man that brought me the challenge," was my ready reply.

"You don't mean to say that you would shoot a man for simply saying that for a friend, do you?" said the man who had come to me, his eyes flashing excitement and his body quivering in fear.

"That is exactly what I would do; the first man that comes to me with a challenge will drop dead in his shoes; I will shoot him on the spot, and I emphasized my statement by placing my hand upon a heavy revolver at my belt. Looking my caller straight in the eyes, I calmly said: 'Yes, sir, you can state to anyone who is interested that the first man, and every subsequent man who carries a challenge for a duel to me will die by my own hands, and that if anyone wants to carry a challenge to me he must come prepared to shoot, and to begin shooting as soon as he delivers his challenge.'

"Would you have carried out your threat?" was asked.

"There is not the least doubt of it," replied Senator Stewart. "I was in a position where a man could do under the circumstances. I made up my mind in an instant to follow out that plan, and as sure as I sit here I would have shot the man who brought me the challenge as quickly as I could have drawn. Why not? A challenge to fight a duel is a deadly message; it means that either the challenger or the man challenged must die, and I don't see any difference between shooting the man who brings the deadly message and the man who challenges you."

The conversation drifted into stories about duels and pistol shooting. Then it turned into feats of bravery, when the grizzled old miner, Senator Stewart, looked up sharply and said:

"I saw my mining partner do the most daring feat of bravery I ever heard of or expect to hear. My partner in the early sixties was a rugged and as powerfully-built man as myself, and he was a trouble with him was that he would occasionally go off on a spree, and had a fondness for gambling. When he drank deeply he got into disputes and fights. Nearly every time he was in a drinking mood, and he left me, I expected to hear of his sudden death. On one occasion, after he had been away from me a few hours, I learned that he was down town in a barroom, a little intoxicated and drinking champagne. He had a premonition that my partner's life was in danger, and I struck out from the mine to the little town, a short distance away. When I entered the barroom I saw my partner sitting at a table. He had been drinking heavily, but was not drunk. Opposite him sat a notorious ruffian who had killed many a man. The first thing I saw when my eyes fell upon the two men was the ruffian draw his gun, cock it and shoot at almost touch the scalp. In a jiffy I had grasped the pistol hand of my partner's adversary and disarmed him. Then I rushed my partner out of the place and away.

MOMENTS OF PERIL.

"Chagrined, humiliated and infuriated, that ruffian went about the camp for several days, declaring that he would shoot my partner on sight; and he meant to do it. Some days afterward my partner and I

were sitting on the ground near our mine, eating our potatoes. We were both of us, and never suspected that danger was near. Suddenly, without the least warning, the ruffian sprang upon us, drew his revolver and pointed it close to the face of my partner, he exclaimed: 'Now, you've got me. By—, I intend to kill you, this minute!'

"We were sitting fifteen or twenty feet away from our mine. Notwithstanding the fact that it was an intensely hot day, Great Bear's perspiration was already running down our faces. I looked down from the mountain side to the little mining camp called a town, and thought that my partner, at least, would never see that place again. His time had come. How my heart ached to see my partner's head fall from his neck! There he sat, with the weapon which was to take his life looking him in the face. If he had a pistol in his hand, I do not know. I would have pulled the trigger, for it would have cost my partner's life. There is no doubt that the ruffian, a crack shot and experienced in such close business, would have blown the top of my partner's head off even after a bullet had passed through his own brain or heart. There was a moment of deep silence. The ruffian looked at my partner, and the passion and earnestness possible for a man to show, but without the least sign of fear:

"Shoot, you scoundrel! shoot; take my life, you villain and coward!"

"I tell you, gentlemen, that was a dramatic scene. The ruffian quivered. His face quivered, his eyes dropped and he lowered his pistol. As he did so he exclaimed: 'I cannot take the life of such a brave man. Here is my hand!'

A few minutes afterward Senator Stewart, in his incident, 'After my partner had established my reputation in regard to killing any man who brought me a challenge, I was passing along the street and saw my adversary upon the sidewalk opposite me. He was off his guard, did not see me and I ran across the street and was upon him before he knew it.

Here, you scoundrel, I understand you have said that you would kill me on sight! I bore him to the ground. To emphasize my words I turned him up and down on the ground and gave him two or three sharp strokes with my fist, exclaiming, as I did so, that I would teach him to threaten my life.

"Apologize and beg, you scoundrel, or I will beat the life out of you," I continued, as I pounded him up and down on the ground. Finally, the fellow apologized and assured me that he would not challenge me again. Then I went to a neighboring bar and we took a friendly drink together. From that day we were fast friends." PEKRY S. HEATH.

ANOTHER LINCOLN STORY.

Why He Came to Pardon Young Beckwith for Sleeping at His Post.

Chicago Mail.

Four or five theatrical men were having an animated discussion about the "Ensign" in Manager William J. Davis's office, yesterday. Among them were "Billy" Crane, Sol Smith Russell, "Bob" Hillard, Paul Arthur, and the agent of the "Ensign" and other (others). Objection was taken to the pardon of the ensign by President Lincoln in the play. One critic held that it was not a pardon to a man condemned by court martial.

"You are wrong," said Crane, "and I'll show you. Lincoln's failing was issuing pardons, and yet he rarely made a mistake in showing his clemency. Herbert Beckwith went from the high school of his native town into one of the New York regiments early in the war. He came of excellent family. His father was a warm friend of Connecticut's war Governor, Buckingham, and he reluctantly let the boy go into the army. Beckwith, though a mere lad, was a model soldier. There had been fighting steadily for four or five days in the Chickasawmyn swamps, and for two nights Beckwith had had scarcely any sleep. One night he did not sleep at all and the next not more than two hours. On the third night he was on picket duty, but was so utterly fagged out that he fell asleep. At midnight the officer of the guard discovered that Beckwith had been sleeping on post.

"Of course there had to be a court-martial. Beckwith, when called to make defense, said that he went on the post, he found that he was, to use his expression, 'almost killed with sleep.' To keep awake he walked rapidly back and forth, pinched himself, and suffered every terror and horror lest he should, before he became aware of it, succumb to his drowsiness. He said that he must have fallen asleep as suddenly as though he had become unconscious by a blow. He did not plead for mercy, but simply told that story, and very one who heard it knew he told the truth.

"But there was no help for him, and he was convicted and sentenced to be shot. It was plain that the officers, although they appeared to be stern, would be lenient. He rejoiced if the President failed to approve the sentence, and one or two of Beckwith's friends, getting brief leaves of absence, went to the nearest telegraph station and sent a message to his father stating that Herbert had been court-martialed and would be shot as soon as the President approved the sentence. Within an hour Mr. Beckwith was back with the President. Lincoln, told him that Herbert had been a Sunday-school scholar of his, a boy who was as true as steel, and insisted that there must be some extenuating circumstances. Lincoln was very much affected, and the next day, when he received the report of the court-martial, and read a summary of young Beckwith's statement, he turned to Buckingham with tears in his eyes and said: 'I should feel like a murderer if I approved this sentence on these papers. I will not approve it, but I will send for some one who knows the facts so that I can learn more about it.'

Three days later Beckwith, who was in the guard house, was called upon by an officer who was a friend, who simply said: 'Herbert, the President has pardoned you. Go back to your company and report yourself.'

"During the rest of the peninsula campaign, and especially at the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg, Beckwith showed himself so good a soldier that he was promoted. At Fredericksburg he displayed remarkable courage. In the Chancellorsville campaign he was taken prisoner and removed to Andersonville, where he remained nine months. Exchanged at the end of that time, he, with other living skeletons, was brought North by transport and placed in a hospital at Baltimore. His reason was destroyed. He weighed not over ninety pounds, although he was 150 when he went into the army, and the surgeons said the poor fellow would die. One of his family friends was amazed to see him open his eyes with the glance of a sane man. He asked in a whisper where he was, and they told him, and a smile played on his lips, as though he was rejoiced to be under the old flag again. He made a sign and the nurse, bending over him, heard him whisper: 'I want to see the flag.' They drew his cot near a window, through which he could see the camp flag floating upon its staff. A loud, unutterable joy came over the boy's face, seeing which, one of the attendants put a little flag in his hand. Beckwith could not speak, but he tenderly drew the flag to his lips; there was a convulsive sob, and Herbert Beckwith was dead.

"Do you suppose Lincoln made any mistake when he pardoned that boy?"

PITCAIRN'S LITTLE ROCK.

The Cheerful Community Founded by the Mutineers of the Bounty.

New York Sun.

The world does not often hear from Pitcairn Island, that most isolated of Christian communities, but the items that pass from the vessels now and then bring home always make pleasant and cheerful reading. It is many years since old John Adams, distressed with the greatest alarm, the landing of the first comers after the Bounty mutineers had reached the island. To-day, visitors are most welcome. The islanders feel that they are now a part of the world, and no present pleases them more than a bundle of newspapers, telling them how the big nations are getting along.

The captain of the ship Reaper says the islanders have recently rescued a shipwrecked crew whom they found on a raft, fifty miles away, during one of their daring excursions far to sea in rowboats. One is surrounded by a dangerous coral reef, and vessels prefer to give the neighborhood a wide berth on dark and stormy nights. The Pitcairners have dug a well there, so that future castaways may have food of fresh water.

For the first time in years they report that death has visited their little community. Free from vice, and living simply and happily, they usually reach a good old age. Probably no community in the world of 250 odd souls can show such a mortality record as that of the Pitcairn Islanders in recent years. For six years, ending in

February, 1892, only one death had occurred, and that was the result of an accident. They are a prolific people. It is only 104 years since the nine mutineers and the brown women they stole away from Tahiti, landed on Pitcairn. Their descendants now number nearly eight hundred, most of whom live on Norfolk Island, which some of them colonized in 1857.

It will not be very long before the rock of Pitcairn, with an area of only about a mile square, will again become too crowded for comfort. Then a second exodus, from the home its denizens have so well become a necessity. It was forty odd years ago that the community thought it for the common good to send one of their women to America to perfect herself in the arts of sewing and housewifery. They know little of their charming simplicity. They are admitting more strangers and intermarrying more freely with them. The names of the mutineers are still most prominent in the two colonies, but at last they are in the minority. The islanders, who have been seen in San Francisco and in Sydney. Save in some physical peculiarities, they show hardly a trace of their half-breed ancestry. They are more and more identified with the superior race of their fathers.

NATURE'S ICEHOUSE.

Explorers Travel Over a Frozen Floor—No Sign of Known.

Winnebago, Silver State.

About fifteen miles north of Lewiston, Mont., and two miles from the Gilt Edge mine, there has been known in the United States. The discovery was made by Charles Kelly, a prospector. About a week later a party of six, equipped with miners' lamps, axes, picks, ropes and overcoats, visited the curious cave for the purpose of exploration. The party reached the entrance of the cave about 10 o'clock in the morning and immediately began their investigation.

The moon is in its crescent in the sloping ledge. For a distance of about one hundred feet the bottom is almost level, and the crevices gradually to a width of nearly fifty feet. Then there is an incline of about twenty degrees for a distance of fifty yards. Here, instead of a rocky floor, a solid body of ice was found. Fifteen minutes of hard work with the axes and picks showed that the ice was solid to a depth of more than two feet.

The party continued their journey for about three-quarters of a mile from the entrance, being in the cave for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile from the entrance. The cave was found to be a solid body of ice, and the party continued their journey for about three-quarters of a mile from the entrance. The cave was found to be a solid body of ice, and the party continued their journey for about three-quarters of a mile from the entrance.

The width of the cave varies at different points from twenty-five to three hundred or four hundred feet, and the roof at some points reaches within four feet of the ice and in many places so high that it could not be seen by the light given out by the lamps carried by the explorers. At no point in the cave was any water or only an occasional dripping from the roof. In places draughts of air were encountered that almost extinguished the lamps carried. William Armeux has located a mineral claim at the entrance of the cave, and in this way intends to secure it from the government.

The General Opinion.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

The W. C. T. U. women who went prowling round the heavy houses of Chicago with a brass band, and were then interviewed by the column as to their "improbable" should be well advised to have husbands to stand under Niagara for a fortnight. The women did not go to obtain evidence for prosecution; they went to satisfy their curiosity and tried to persuade themselves it was a noble stroke to hunt the masses of the city. As a matter of fact, one can't handle charcoal without being blackened, and beribboned females are no exception. They should resign their offices and give way to more serious women who realize that vice is so contagious that it should be shunned save in the discharge of duty.

Quite Noticeable.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

It may be observed that we are hearing less and less mugwump prattle about rugged honesty and all that sort of thing, supposed to be the exclusive possession of Mr. Cleveland.

See display advertisement in this issue of 33 Chicago excursion by the various-named lines Oct. 27, 28, 29, 30 and 31.

## THE MODEL'S MONDAY SALES

Have become features of the season's trade. Mondays you can always find some articles in every department being sold at a great reduction in price. Here are to-morrow's bargains:

## MEN'S OVERCOATS

To-morrow only, about 200 Men's Kersey and Melton Winter-weight Overcoats—regular prices \$15, \$13.50 and \$12,

\$9.90

They come in black, blue, brown and Oxford, and while fairly long are not quite up to the length this season's fashion plates prescribe.

: HATS :

\$1.98.

This will be the last day of this sale.

CARDIGAN JACKETS

TO-MORROW ONLY, take your choice of any of our \$2 Cardigan Jackets for

MODER

## BOYS' ULSTERS.

To-morrow only 50 Melton Ulsters, cut long—sizes 4 to 15—

\$2.95

Regular price \$4 and \$4.50.

While you're in, look at our superb stock of Boys' and Children's Clothing. It is, by all means, the largest and finest in the city.

: SHOES :

The greatest sale in the history of the Shoe trade in Indianapolis. A stock of over \$30,000 worth of the best made shoes in the country being sold at manufacturers' cost. Every shoe in the house must be sold during the next two months.

\$1.69

## WORLD'S FAIR LARGEST STORE IN THE STATE.

We are the agents for the finest, best and most stylish goods made. We have been able to buy goods at greatly reduced prices on account of the hard times. We are going to give the benefit of same to our customers. We have no opposition when it comes to prices.

ALL STYLES AND SIZES FOR EVERY KIND OF FUEL.



We are sole agents for the Garland lines of stoves. Largest and finest line of Stoves made in the world. Over 250 samples on the floor. Do not fail to see the Avon Garland, finest stove made for natural gas. Something new. Do not fail to see it. A nice stove for \$3.50, \$7, \$15, \$30 and up to \$65.

125 samples of Cook Stoves on the floor to select from.



BABY CARRIAGES

At \$5, \$10, \$15 and \$25. Fifty samples to select from.

CARPET DEPT.



We bought the entire production of one of the largest factories in the East that failed. The stock includes 1,000 rolls of carpet from the cheapest cotton to the very best all-wool extra super, and will be sold at the very low prices named below:

Choice fancy all-wool extra super in our house for 59c per yard. Do not fail to see our all-wool extra super at 55c and 40c per yard. Good carpet for 15c, 18c, 20c, and up to 35c per yard. Velvet and Brussels Carpet. A large line of private patterns to select from. All prices.

125 samples of Cook Stoves on the floor to select from.

PORTIERES

Portieres selling at just half their value.

LACE CURTAINS

5,000 pairs from 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and up to \$25 per pair.

STRAW MATTING

Straw Matting for 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c and up to 65c.

OIL CLOTH, SHADES, LINOLEUM

BEDROOM SUITES.



Just received eight carloads from a firm that passed into the hands of a receiver. We guarantee to sell these at half their real value. We have them at \$9.50, \$12, \$15, \$25 and \$35. Call and see for yourself.

Choice fancy all-wool extra super in our house for 59c per yard. Do not fail to see our all-wool extra super at 55c and 40c per yard. Good carpet for 15c, 18c, 20c, and up to 35c per yard. Velvet and Brussels Carpet. A large line of private patterns to select from. All prices.

125 samples of Cook Stoves on the floor to select from.

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STRAW MATTING

Straw Matting for 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c and up to 65c.

OIL CLOTH, SHADES, LINOLEUM

DINNER SETS.



See our \$6, \$8, \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25 and \$35 sets.

Choice fancy all-wool extra super in our house for 59c per yard. Do not fail to see our all-wool extra super at 55c and 40c per yard. Good carpet for 15c, 18c, 20c, and up to 35c per yard. Velvet and Brussels Carpet. A large line of private patterns to select from. All prices.

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OIL CLOTH, SHADES, LINOLEUM

WALL PAPER.

COMFORTS, BLANKETS, LAMPS, CLOCKS.